

Scoring

Tuck rove at the basket as the rocket curve ,
release the ball to fin its softest high be-
neath the swinging bulbs. We never saw it drop
at hands thrust up. They dug out the both of us
from the others & we fuzzed through hospitals.
A year ripped off,we met again, something like
blood with anyone not blown away.His last trip
here was made on snow so back we go at frozen
tracks, & beg of a sunken doctor
once more to mark him down enough
in his fast-darkening room, where
ice is eating out all the windows
he must ritually punch towards me
"Keep at the books;just don't..."
Turn back from his cracking looks
& "Why?"I ask then, why anything?
No answer for his face falls off.

